

England's sun was setting o'er the hills so far away,  
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day;  
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—  
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;  
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she, with lips so cold and white,  
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,  
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,  
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,  
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.  
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,  
As she spoke in husky whispers—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart  
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—line a deadly poisoned dart;  
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;  
Every evening just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,  
And within her heart's deep center, Bessie made a solemn vow;  
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,  
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood must die,"  
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—  
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,  
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before.  
Not one moment paused the maiden but with cheek and brow aglow,  
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;  
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,  
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,  
And the awful glow beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;  
See the ponderous tongue is swinging—'tis the hour of Curfew now,—  
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow,  
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,  
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;  
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;  
And the half deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),  
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;  
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,  
Still her frightened heart's wild beating—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped on once more  
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before,  
Human foot had not been planted; and what she thought had done,  
Should be told long ages after—as the rays of setting sun  
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white  
Tell the children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,  
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now;  
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn,  
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,  
Touched his heart with sudden pity,—lit his eyes with misty light;  
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

#### A CHILD'S WORK.

"Go away! We won't play with you; you're a drunkard's child. Your father gets drunk most every day, my father says."

The speaker was a girl of perhaps twelve years of age. The one addressed was a girl of about the same age. A group of children had gathered by the roadside to play. A small house stood near by. From this house the child addressed so rudely had seen them at their sport, and had joined them, to be repulsed by the words with which I have begun my story.

Her eyes filled with tears, and her cheeks flushed up with shame and wounded pride.

"I know my father drinks, but I ain't to blame for that," she said, bitterly. "Well, we won't play with you, anyway," said the first speaker. "Will we, girls?"

"No! no!" cried the other children, in chorus.

"There! you heard that, didn't you?" cried the girl to the child of a drinking father. "I hope you're satisfied now. Go along with you; we want to play, and we won't be bothered with you, so now. I'd be ashamed if I were you! You're a drunkard's daughter! Shame! Shame!"

She pointed her finger in derision and scorn at the poor girl, and, parrot-like or rather, like children, the others followed her example, and cries of "Shame!" "Shame!" rung in the ears of the disgraced child.

She covered her face with her hands, and turned and ran away from them, never stopping until she reached her mother's side.

# The Deaf-Mutes Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

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Then she sunk down sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" Mrs. Deane asked, tenderly.

She was a pale, sad-faced woman, with sorrow-haunted eyes. A woman who, without being old in years, was old in sad experience of life.

"I went out to play with the girls, and they told me I was a drunkard's daughter, and wouldn't play with me," sobbed Mary, hiding her face in her mother's lap.

"Poor child!"

Mrs. Deane sighed heavily, but she did not weep.

She had found out, by bitter experience, that tears were of but little avail.

She stroked Mary's hair, and tried to soothe her by kind words. But the wound she had received was a deep one.

"Oh, mother, do you suppose father'll ever give up drinking?" she asked, after a little silence.

"I don't know," Mrs. Deane answered. "I hope so. I have prayed for such a blessing more times than I can comprehend. If God heard, he has not answered my prayer yet. He may in his own good time. I can only pray and hope, and leave the rest to him."

"I can't go to school week-days, nor to school Sundays," said Mary, sighing as no child of her age ought to sigh. "And the children won't play with me, 'cause father drinks. And you can't go to meeting, 'cause you ain't clothes to wear. It's too bad, mother, isn't it?"

"It is a sorrowful way of living," her mother answered, kissing her. "I do not care so much for myself, but for you. I hate to see the years which should be the brightest ones in your life, darkened and made sorrowful. Oh, if he only would leave off that awful habit."

The words held the pathos and sublimity of prayer.

"What makes Mr. Strong sell liquor, I wonder?" questioned Mary.

"I don't know," her mother answered. "To make money, I suppose. I think a man who can make money by selling to his fellow-man which will ruin his body and soul, must have a heart as hard as any stone."

"I wonder if anybody ever asked him to give up such wicked business?" Mary asked. "Maybe he'd quit it if he only knew what misery he was committing. Do you suppose he would?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Deane.

Mary sat and thought for a long time after her mother left her.

Suddenly she seemed to make up her mind as to the course she should pursue, and she got up and put on her bonnet, and started down the road without saying anything to her mother.

Poor Mary!

Her home had not always been the unhappy one it was then. She could remember the time when her father used to come home from his day's work, sober as any man. Then her mother would meet him at the gate with kisses, and he would take up his child and carry her to the house, and they were all so happy, so happy!

But now!

She shuddered when she thought of it. Now, she had hardly clothes enough to keep her warm; not enough to enable her to go to school, and for the same reason her mother could not go to church. Now, her father often came home the worse for liquor; she could not bear to kiss him with that sickening scent of whisky on his breath. All his earnings, for a week sometimes, would be spent at the saloon in the village.

There was but one saloon in the place, but that was enough to circulate a deal of misery and heartache among the neighborhood.

When Mary got out of sight of home, she turned off from the road, and knelt down among some bushes and prayed. It was a simple little prayer, but it had something very touching in it for all that.

"Dear Jesus," she said, "please help me. I'm going to try to save my father from being a drunkard, and I can't do it alone. I don't want to be called a drunkard's child, and be laughed at by all more. I do want to go to school, and mother wants to go to meeting and we can't if father keeps on drinking so. Please, dear Jesus, help me, and make Mr. Strong stop selling liquor. Amen."

Then she got up and went on again. She reached the village.

The first person she met was a merchant, with whom they had often had dealings. Occasionally they got things at his store on credit. Mary remembered that there was something due him yet.

"Are you going to the store?" he asked.

"No, sir," she answered.

"All right, then," he said. "I didn't know but you was down after something. I thought I'd tell you that I couldn't let your folks have anything more until they pay for what they have had. Your father drinks up enough every day to pay me what he owes me."

Mary went on down the street until she came to a place where there was a flaming sign hung out, on which was painted in gilt letters, "Saloon!"

Here she stopped, while her heart beat like a scared bird's.

This, then, was what some one who

had a strong sense of the fitness of things had called "Strong's Hell." Here was where death and ruin to soul and body were sold over the bar at five and ten cents a glass.

Mary went in. A man was standing behind the bar. A man with a not unhandsome face, but one which lacked culture and refinement.

"Are you Mr. Strong?" asked Mary, timidly.

"Yes, that's my name," he answered pleasantly. "What do you want of me?"

"You don't look like such a bad man as you ought to, to sell liquor," she said, looking into his face.

"Why, had a liquor-dealer ought to look like a bad man?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," she said. "Only bad men sell liquor, and you don't look a very bad man. I ain't much afraid of you, and I thought I should be. Oh, Mr. Strong!" clasping her hands pleadingly, and lifting a face full of beseeching to his, "I came down here to-day to ask you to give up selling liquor. You don't know what awful work you're doing. I guess you never thought of it. Did you? I can't go to school, because I can't have clothes good enough to wear and I do so want to learn as other children do. I could if you wouldn't sell my father liquor; and mother could go to meeting every Sunday. She used to before there was a saloon in the place, but now she doesn't. And the children won't play with me. They call me a drunkard's child, and shame me. And we're real unhappy at home, mother and me. Father don't seem like same man he used to be, since he got to drinking. He spends most of his money here. And we ain't the only ones who suffer so. It's all through the neighborhood, mother says. Ever so many men drink, who didn't before you came here. I thought I'd come down here and ask you to stop selling liquor. Maybe you never thought how much sorrow you were causing. Didn't any one ever tell you? Oh, I cry myself to sleep lots of times, just because father drinks. I don't want to be a drunkard's child! It's the worst thing in the world, I guess. If father didn't drink so, I know we'd be happy again, just as we used to be. Ah, Mr. Strong, if you was me, would you want to be made fun of, because your father drinks? If your mother knew what you was doing, don't you think she'd feel sorry? Please, please don't sell any more liquor. I'll pray for you, every night, and so will mother, if you'll only let us have father back, a sober man. Won't you?"

There were tears in Mr. Strong's eyes; her words, full of infinite pathos, struck home, and the man's heart, which was not all bad, smote him. What would his mother say? She had been dead many years, but the memory of her was the tenderest spot in his heart. If she had lived, he might have been a different man. Since her death, he had been drifting hither and thither, and the good impulses of his nature had got choked with tares and brambles.

"Child," he said, with a voice that had a suspicious quiver in it, "you've given me the best temperance sermon I ever heard, and—*you've converted me!* Not another drop of liquor shall be sold across my bar. I will close this place to-night. Wait!"

He went out and took down his sign. "There!" he said, "you see I mean what I say. Go home, child, and tell that mother of yours that she need fear nothing from me. I shall not stand between your father and the sober life which was his in the days when you were happy. Don't forget to pray for me. I am *not* all bad yet, and such prayers as yours may help me to be a better man."

"I wish you'd let me kiss you," she said. "I love you, and I like to kiss folks I love."

He bent down and caught her in his arms, and she kissed him. Some warm tears fell upon her face. They were promises of a better life.

Some old toppers were horrified to miss the sign from the place where they had been in the habit of imbibing, and still more horrified to find that the place was closed forever.

"I have been converted," Strong said. "I have concluded to change my business, and have taken down my 'guide board.'"

For some one had characterized his sign as a "guide-board to hell."

Mary's home is a happy one now, for, with the temptation out of the way, John Deane has gone back to his sober ways again.

And a child's work, under God wrought the change.

A girl screamed in a lecture audience in Lafayette, Oregon. Then all the other girls screamed. General consternation ensued, and a rush for the doors. People were bruised, clothes torn, and the room at length was emptied. The first screamer had seen a rat.

A Maryland man whose wife dropped dead a while ago, had the funeral put off one day longer to get the balance of his corn husked. He said it wouldn't make any difference, as she was always very good natured.

#### Letter from Louisiana.

BALDWIN, La., March 3, 1875.

MR. HUMPHRIES.—The power of association must be weak within me to-night, for while the rain, like a thousand tiny fingers, is tapping against my window for admission, and the fire on the hearth crackles defiance, my thoughts persistently turn to hours spent in the cool hush of the forest. Best hours of my life, in which I get very close to the heart of Nature's God. In this sanctuary of the universe, how quickly the smallest works from the High Priest's hands brings man upon his knees, and carries from his heart to his Maker's the incense of awakened gratitude and reverence.

Louisiana is rich in wild flowers, fragrant woods and luxuriant vines.

Of the common swamp or flag lilies there are three varieties, the white, blue and deep wine-colored ones. There is another wild white lily so oddly pretty that I can compare it to no flower I ever saw, and its fragrance is choice but rather heavy. The Indian coffee plant grows to the height of one and a half feet; it has leaves much like the locust leaf in form, but smaller, and a pretty lemon-colored flower. The beans form in pods, and make a substitute for coffee.

The house plant we call Jerusalem cherry tree, grows wild here. A friend brought in a bough loaded with fruit the other day. The cypress vine, with its blossoms of pink, white and scarlet, as delicate as snowflakes, can hardly be called a forest vine, as many sow the seed and train it over trellis work, yet in the cane fields of Cote Blanche it grows in profusion. The Cherokee rose festoons every hedge in the spring, and both flower and vine are beautiful. Golden rod greets you, and asters in a variety of shades of purple, besides many other pretty blossoms that, being a poor botanist, I cannot name.

The Virginia creeper is a surprise, then a delight, being so much like our English ivy that the smaller vines are with difficulty distinguished from it. The ground holly is much like it, but has yellow veins through the leaves. These two vines make the prettiest natural arbors for you to stumble upon and never tire of admiring, and weave arches through which you gaze down the dark colonnades and corridors leafy. Of them many other vines I will mention but one, and its name I cannot give. I found it in the fall, its scarlet and green leaves looking up from the moss beds, and also in shades of yellow, which kissed the ground like rays of moonlight. Its leaves are trefoil, set regularly upon the vine, and with the shape of the strawberry leaf but smooth and larger.

I mention but few of the many forest beauties, for I fear to tire you with my enthusiastic praise. But if I could rewrite all I have written while here, with a pen dipped in boiled down enthusiasm, I could no more do justice to the field and wood flowers.

Our Japan lilies that we cultivate so tenderly in pots, grow in gardens here, also many other plants that at the North require the care of the greenhouse. A stranger must use caution while searching the woods, for there are many poisonous vines and plants, and often just the one you most admire. I paid for one rambler with a swollen wrist, and for another with a blotched face. Foolish! was I? Where can you best learn of God? Around the shrine of fashion, in our decorated homes, or in the forest, which neither man's pride or passion has touched.

Look at that old stump covered with vines. We are too apt, if our lives are changed from the plan we designed, to bewail our failures, and point out the jagged edges of our broken hopes, and hold up the wreck which we consider our life has become, for commiseration. How much better to cover it with kindly thoughts and deeds, with cheerful patience. God will help you to make your life more beautiful with the foliage from the root of divine love in your heart, than you in your strength ever dreamed of its being.

Look at that vine, so slender, made to cling, yet growing straight upward. Ah! I see, above it is a branch which it will soon reach. Cannot you, at once, become as patient and sweet-hearted as your neighbor? Well! never mind, but grow up! as fast as you can into true, right living, and who knows but God, when He sees you need it, will bend down to you the branch of human love, or improved health, or stimulate you to take deeper draughts of his grace.

On my table lies a mistletoe bough, around which clings, for me, the savor of written romance. I fear to describe it lest some one say "I've seen it and it is not like that." So I said after reading "Chiquipin's" description in the Syracuse Journal. Resemblances are often far fetched, yet as association is the painter of them each must be true to his own picture. Thinking that to bear such a weight of superstition and poetic fancies, the mistletoe must have dignity among trees, I was disappointed to find it only a poor little parasite, dependent upon the winds and birds for a home.

It is found only upon the live oak and bitter pecan trees. It grows in clumps—its branches averaging from one to two feet in height—and looks like

round bunches of foliage in the tree tops. Its leaves resemble the sweet clover in form, but are larger, and thick and bright. It bears a white, waxy, glutinous berry, growing on stems like green currants. Birds eat them, and by carrying them to other branches and wiping their bills on the bark, leave little seeds to push down their roots into the sap of the tree, and their green leaves upward into light and air. It is evergreen, and in the winter in the naked boughs of the pecan tree, has a pretty look; in the twilight breezes, it calls to mind the nestling of a flock of strange little birds. I do not think it is sessile, as the berries grow in the leaf axils instead of those of the branches.

The love plant is another parasite. It is a vine; in color and size around, like the grape tendril. The foliage is in compact clusters the size of an egg, and resembles small, soft, greenish white berries, which upon examination prove to be tiny leaves closely folded. There is a mystery about it to me for it seems to have no root, and attaches itself by twining. A small piece thrown upon any green shrub or vine will live and curl and climb until it reaches the height of its support, unless frost-bitten.

Another curiosity is the wax tree. Those I saw were as large as medium-sized cherry trees. The leaves are dark green, narrow and pointed, and little over an inch in length. The berries are round, hard and gray, about the size and suggestive of a small, sugar-coated pill. They grow along the leaf-branches in clusters, ters as large as the end of your thumb, the connecting stem so short as to be hidden. The berries are boiled and wax is taken from the infusion in the manner of beeswax making. During the war, the Catholics burned candles made from this wax upon their altars. It is gray, but I am told that by a certain process it can be cleansed and made into wax for flower-making.

There are many varieties of the cactus here, and as it grows out of doors and needs no care it is not prized very highly. It reaches perfection farther south. I am told that in Mexico the century plant grows so large that people build houses of it, and make rails of the stalks. I have seen a house built of palmetto, so can easily believe the century plant is utilized.

Red cedar is plentiful, is a prettier evergreen than the common variety, and the wood has a strong fragrance. The magnolia wood is fragrant, and there are trees bearing buds which will perfume the wardrobe nicely. The wood of the cypress is often beautifully grained.

I think these strong, rich odors are peculiar to tropical blossoms. There are so many, like the jessamine and magnolia, which, if in a closed room, fill the air oppressively full of perfume. A single blossom of magnolia in a sleeping room is sickening. Roses often have an odor so heavy as to lose in delicacy. The perfume of the orange flower is distinct at some distance from the trees. I think the honey has a much stronger taste than ours, and I believe I can distinguish some flower scents.

March 10th. We have had lovely weather since the middle of Feb. When it does not rain, nearly all our winter days are as pleasant as June with you. Cane is being hurried into the ground as it is late. It needs a long season to perfect it. A planter who has just returned from Mexico, says the cane grows much taller, and is as large again there as here, and is so full of white juice that the stalk is soft. Fields are planted once in ten or fifteen years. He reports the country as almost a paradise, and ahead of Louisiana.

Strawberries and dewberries are fast ripening. Blackberries have set. Fieas have opened the campaign with vigor. Streams are full, but no danger is apprehended. Fish are excellent. In summer the flesh is soft. I heard the boys speaking of a tadpole two feet long a few moments ago, and upon questioning them found it was a "mud cat," but resembled a tadpole in outline and was a near relative, according to an old fisherman. The boys tie a rope across the bayou after the boats have passed for the night, and fasten upon it a bell, and a strong hook with three barbs, for the buffalo fish—a monster, but good eating. When the bell rings, they, if not lazy, jump from their beds and take in their prize. Fishing is the popular entertainment now.

I saw a curious bird to-day. Its body was the size of a small duck, and its neck was one and a half feet long, with feathers standing out, making it look much too heavy for the body. It was a "sun gazer," and is said to grow fat gazing at the sun. It makes me feel badly to see the strings of birds the boys bring in, our robins and blue jays, and mocking birds, &c. Soon the South will have no birds unless this slaughter is stopped. The worms ravaged badly in the forest last fall, but no one takes the hint.

Did your "devil" put my last letter in type? He improved my sign as a *sign*, but not as accuracy. The proprietor himself would not recognize it after your handling. It took me a long while to decipher the original. And you changed the date of my visit from '74 to '75, besides other mistakes.

Sad news was Nelly Brewster's death to me, as she has been my friend from

early childhood. Well do I remember the two girls, who, at the old red school house, studied the same lessons, sat upon the same seat, and grew up into the "two big girls" of school, who must recite alone, because their friendly competition carried them ahead of the less ambitious ones. Well, Nelly, when I get home we will live the old days over again. Let us find comfort in the thought that she can never shed bitter tears, and find the days long and sad because of our death. Those whom God calls early, are spared the bitterness of life's dreary oft-times. Because of the sweetness and beauty of the rose we need not extol it to have it appreciated. So it is with thee, Nelly.

L. S. MOSIER.

#### A Schoolmaster Around Loose.

Four or five days ago a man about forty years of age, looking as if he had been drawn over a dusty floor for an hour or two, called upon one of the members of the Board of Education and introduced himself as William Cannon Harrison, of Saginaw county. He was politely received, and he commenced business promptly by saying:

"I'm a-looking for a situation as a school teacher."

"Ah, ha!" replied the member, wondering why the man wasn't looking for a wood-pile.

"I could have brought a pile of recommendations so high," continued the man, measuring with his hands, "but recommendations don't amount to nothing."

"And have you any school in view?" asked the member.

"I want to get in here, in Detroit," replied the man. "What wages do you pay?"

"I'm afraid—" began the member, when the schoolmaster interrupted:

"Oh, well, I s'pose you pay going wages, and that's all I can ask for. I don't want to put on style and live high, as I'm getting a little old and ought to save money."

"As I was going to remark—" said the member, when the school-master suddenly inquired:

"Do they allow licking in the schools here? If they do, I'm the man you want to dress the boys down! I've had 'em come for me by the dozen, and it would do your heart good to see the way I laid 'em! Why, when I had that school in Bay county I thought nothing of licking thirty scholars a day, besides hearing twelve classes recite! I'm an old screamer, I tell you, and there's fun in me when you get me woke up!"

"I hardly think—" commenced the member again, when the schoolmaster jumped up and said:

"Of course, you won't take me unless I pass examination, but I ain't afraid of not passing. I'd like to see a word I couldn't spell! For instance: 'C-a-t-r-r-h, catarrh.' 'D-a-n-d-e-l-i-o-n, Dandelion,' or try me on words of four syllables. 'L-u-g-a-b-r-i-o-u-s, Lugubrious.' Oh! I can knock the socks right off'n these swell-head teachers, and not half try!"

"I should like to help you," put in the member, "but—"

"Oh! you needn't think I'm behind on geography," interrupted the teacher. For instance: What is an isthmus? An isthmus is a narrow strip of land connecting two larger bodies. Is the world round or flat? Round. Why is it round? Because it is. Which is the largest river in the world? The Amazon. Which is the highest mountain? The Andes. I might go on for seventy-five days this way, and then not tell you half I know!"

"You seem to be pretty well posted in geography, but I wanted to tell—"

"And on grammar, too," exclaimed the teacher, jumping up again. "What is a noun? A noun is the name of any person, place or thing. Here's an example: Man, dog, cat, goat, jack-knife, fish-hook, gate post. What are the principal conjunctions? And, as, both, because, for, if, that, or, neither, either, and so forth, and so forth. Oh! I'm right on the roof of the meeting-house when you sling grammar at me!"

The member was getting desperate, and as soon as he could get in a word he said:

"I will take your name, and as soon as a vacancy—"

"And I know arithmetic from cover to cover!" exclaimed the man, standing up again. "I can go through the tables like lightning through a hay-stack, and when you get to fractions and cube root I'm awful! I weigh a ton and a half, and still growing! 'Rithmetic's my favorite study, and I'll give you \$50 to find a man who'll saw sums in two and plane 'em down as quickly as I can!"

His speech took the wind out of him, and the member managed to say there was no vacancy at present, but he would take his name and consider his case as soon as one occurred.

"I'd like to commence right off," replied the man, "but I'm willing to wait. Here's my name, and the minut I get your letter I'll come down a-lying. If you get me you don't get much style, but you get solid old common sense and genuine education. You won't see scholars playing hide-and-coup around the wood-box or playing marbles on the floor—no you won't."

And he went down stairs.

#### Facts and Fancies.

—T. Pot is a Maine editor.

—Quarrel with dead men and you will not get hurt.

—We cannot escape to-morrow by sleep, nor eternity by death.

—Everything has been said, but not done.

—The bored of education: children who hate school.

—New Bedford has but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.

—The man who makes a striking remark is too often apt to re-hit-erate it.

—A young man has sued his barber for cutting off his moustache. The barber says he didn't see it.

—Mile. Venturoli, ten years ago a famous dancer, is a helpless and destitute paralytic in Philadelphia.

—The woman who enacted the part Katie King in the Holmes seances in Philadelphia is studying for the stage.

—Samuel Williamson of Milwaukee imitated Weston's attempts to walk 500 miles in six days, and the imitation was so successful that he failed ridiculously.

—Correctly is not a hard word, yet all the spellers that are worsted in the spelling matches fail because they cannot spell correctly.

—An actor at a popular theatre was called out three times one evening not long ago—twice by a sheriff and once by a tailor.

—At the end of an Indiana marriage ceremony recently the bride advanced gracefully to the clergyman and requested him to announce the hymn, "This is the way I long have sought."

—A Maine woman was true to her lover, and married him after he came back from California, after an absence of twenty years. N. B.—He came back rich.

—A young man charged with being lazy was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply. "Father's got all the laziness he ever had."

—"See," said a sorrowing wife, "how peaceful the cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but just tie them together, and then see how the fur will fly."

—"What plan," said one actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the surly reply.

—A Milwaukee paper thinks "it is simply absurd to talk about a woman being qualified to fill every position in life that a man fills. For instance, what woman could lounge around the stove in a country grocery and lie about the number of fish she caught last summer?"

—A quack now traveling in New England aims to profit by arousing the religious superstition of his dupes. He professes to be a chosen emissary of God, commissioned to cure diseases by baptism. The astonishing part of the story is that he makes plenty of converts and money.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1875

### Religious Services.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held in St. Mary's Church, Classon Avenue, near Willoughby, Brooklyn, on Sunday, the 11th inst., at 4 p. m.

The service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, usually held on the third Sunday of the month, will be postponed till Sunday, April 25th, inst., at 2 p. m.

### Investigations.

Of late years this word has become unpleasantly conspicuous in the newspapers. Men who hold positions of trust and of responsibility are singled out and put through a process of examination and cross-examination, which, whether or not it establishes guilt, pretty generally lays bare before the world affairs of personal privacy of no earthly use to any body. So general has this become that hardly a man in high authority can say he is secure from "investigation." There are some men, who have a chronic wish to be investigated, and others who, having been investigated themselves, can't rest easy until they get others in the same fix.

This seems to be the case in respect to the Superintendent of the Indiana Institution, Mr. Mac Intire. Now no one who knows him, would for a moment entertain doubts of his integrity of character. But a certain person signing himself "W. Brown," probably an cousin, to C. Aug. Brown, of *Silent World* notoriety, so far prevailed upon the Legislature of Indiana that they appointed a Committee of Investigation, which, when they proceeded to get facts and figures from "W. Brown," found only that he was not to be found. A strange fix for the honorable legislative committee to be in, and we should say that when men show such alacrity to begin investigations against others, it is about time they were investigated themselves.

Concerning the gentleman attacked, Mr. Mac Intire, the enemy has overshoot his mark—the charges are lies on their face and we do not believe the most searching inquiry can sustain them a particle.

We gave detailed accounts from our Indiana correspondents, in last week's JOURNAL, and we hope everything has by this time dissolved.

### Personal.

Dr. Gallandet was in Albany last week on legislative business, connected with the Central New York Institution.

The Associate Editor, Mr. Fort Lewis Seliney, has been in the central part of the State, on business for some time past. He has been at the home office of the JOURNAL the greater part of this week, and proceeds shortly to a city in the western part of the State on business which will detain him for a few months.

Mr. Truman Grommon, of Adams Center, visited us last week. He is a first-rate carpenter and cabinet maker, and has a weakness for raising splendid poultry and mammoth onions, a lot on his place being particularly adapted to a favorable growth of the latter. Appreciating customers pay fancy prices for these animal and vegetable products.

Albert C. Gordon, of Geneva, a compositor by occupation, has been in Mexico for the last few days, drawn hither, we suppose, by a powerful magnet in a pair of black eyes.

Mr. Hiram Young, brother-in-law of Mrs. N. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., was in Mexico recently with an assortment of door springs for sale. He spent a social evening with us and we bought several of him, and find them quite handy.

### The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

MR. W. J. NELSON, of Aurora, N. Y., has for several weeks past been visiting his friends in Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, and other cities along the Hudson.

MR. S. A. TABER, Treasurer of the Empire State Association, has one of the finest farms in his section of Cayuga Co., N. Y., and is himself a practical and successful farmer. His latest investment was a small herd of steers, which experience has taught him pays to fatten for the summer market.

The New York Institution, in common with other charitable organizations, has had some difficulty in getting its *per capita* allowance from the county. Representatives from these associations, with the representative of the New York Institution in the chair, met in New York recently, resolved to obtain legal advice, and, we suppose, have had no more trouble since.

MR. E. P. HOLMES, of the New York High Class, is now residing in Clarendon Hills, a suburb of Chicago, Illinois.

Information is wanted at this office of MR. ROBERT H. HUGHES, who left the New York Institution in 1869. He was residing in Saratoga at last accounts, and his friends are anxious to hear from him.

MR. HIRAM L. BALL, of Mexico, an industrious and pleasant young man, has been engaged for the season by Mr. Cuddeback, an intelligent farmer, of Lyons, N. Y.

MR. PHILIP H. EMERY delivered a lecture on Science and Religion before the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society lately. The lecture is spoken of in high terms by all who saw it, and we do not doubt it was ably delivered.

MR. ROBERT M. THOMAS is shipping clerk and assistant book-keeper for the Novelty Wood Works, Chicago, Ill.—Such positions are very responsible and presumably remunerative; moreover the work is just the sort an intelligent mute can be at home in, and we are very glad to be able to give publicity to Mr. Thomas' occupation.

We have received an inquiry from a subscriber, in behalf of a cousin of the young lady concerning the whereabouts of Miss ELLA S. SPRAGUE. Any information in this regard will be thankfully received at this office.

MR. ROWLAND B. LLOYD of the New York Institution, delivered a lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 18th of Feb. last, subject: The Huguenots. We have had the report of this lecture for some time and omit its publication only on account of want of space.

MR. W. H. SPRAGUE, of Barryville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., would like to learn the address of MR. JOSEPH FRIEZE, a classmate of his during his pupillage at the New York Institution. Both of these gentlemen were classmates of the associate editor, Mr. Seliney, when he was a little fellow in jackets.

MR. SPRAGUE, hearing of the great ice gorge at Port Jervis, resolved to satisfy himself with a view. So he footed the distance from there to his home, 17½ miles, in four hours. He happened to meet MR. PETER WITSCHIEF there and went home with him to his farm, and had a very nice little visit. He tells us that Mr. Witschief has another child, a little boy. We were unaware of this and hasten to offer our congratulations to the happy father and to the young master and heir.

MR. ROBERT M. PATTERSON, of Brooklyn, N. Y., tells us that MR. THOMAS DALEY, of Paisley, Scotland, is doing good service for the mutes there. He aids them in many ways, and distributes such information among them as will contribute to their benefit. On Sundays he teaches a Bible class, which has an attendance of fifty or seventy, all mutes from the vicinity. Mr. Daley is a book binder by trade, and was educated at the Glasgow Institution.

MR. GEORGE W. EVANS, a graduate of the New York Institution, writes us from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, enclosing a subscription to accompany a very nice letter. He has charge of the painting department of the Farmers' Manufacturing Company of that place. We are sorry we cannot supply the back numbers he requests.

JAMES SULLIVAN, a deaf-mute in the employ of Messrs. Post & Co., druggists, Rochester, N. Y., was the innocent cause of a considerable uprising the other night. He was sent to a house on business at about ten o'clock, and tried to get in at the back door. It is presumed he made noise enough, for a lady rushed out of the front door screaming, "police! police! burglars! burglars!" etc. Presently a window up stairs was raised and a man's head appeared with a request that the crowd would cautiously surround the back yard and capture the "burglar," which being done, the man descended at his leisure, and took a survey of the house-breaker. Happily he and Sullivan knew each other and the crowd soon went as they came.

It seems that Sullivan had been hailed by those inside the house, and of course unable to hear, had unwittingly kindled a big scare.

MR. JOHN SOUTHWICK, book-binder, has been in business in Albany, N. Y., the last twenty-six years. Steady, industrious and a good workman, he has had no occasion to change his place of abode. Here is a good example for those who roll around and are eventually astonished at their lack of moss.

A surprise party was given to Miss MAGGIE A. PADEN, of Litchfield, Ill.,

on Feb. 20th. There were several deaf-mutes down with their sleighs and they gave Maggie a nice surprise; the time was most happily and pleasantly spent, and all departed for their homes wishing the young lady many pleasant days. Her father lives three miles south of Litchfield.

The mutes there look for Mr. GEORGE E. BRONSON, of Franklin, Ind., to visit them this spring.

WILLIAM E. SCHENCK, a deaf-mute type on the *American Newspaper Reporter*, was recently appointed correspondent and agent for the *Silent World*, published at Washington, D. C.

A robin perched upon an apple tree, in front of the residence of Mrs. GRACE GHANDLER, in Mexico, and burst forth into a loud and continuous strain of song. After finding himself apparently unappreciated, his robinship flew away, guessing he would not have a nest near the abode of a deaf-mute.

## FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY  
HENRY WINTER SYLVE.

Address by M. Leon Vaisse.

We are indebted to M. Leon Vaisse, Emeritus Director of the Institution at Paris, for a copy of the eloquent Address he delivered on his installation as President of the *Societe Linguistique*, last January.

The primary subject of attention with the teacher of the deaf and dumb, next after moral development, is the mastery of language. M. Vaisse has won distinction no less by his investigations into general grammar and the mechanism of speech, than by his labors in the school-room and in the position of Director. The high compliment paid him by this learned association of philologists reflects honor upon the profession he adorns.

The Address will be laid before our readers shortly; it is crowded out by other matter this week.

### Report of the Institutions in Finland.

The name of Pastor Alopaus, the worthy Director of the Institution at Abo in Finland, has become familiar to our readers through the extracts we have presented from his very interesting contributions to the *Organ*. We have now gratefully to acknowledge the Pastor's courtesy in sending us a very valuable pamphlet, entitled "*Berättelse om Lärarinställningen i Döfstumma i Finland, Vårskola och Lärare 1872-1873 och 1873-1874*."

The introduction speaks of the origin of deaf-mute education in that quarter of Europe, and of the recent Congress of Scandinavian Educators at Copenhagen, of which we have given an account. One of the poems written for the occasion by Director Keller of the Articulation School at Copenhagen is quoted.

We then have reports of each of the four institutions in Finland, at Abo, by Pastor Alopaus himself; at Borga, signed by A. Siren; at Kuopio, signed by G. Hendell; and at Pedersöre, without signature. Each gives a minute account of the course of study and a table of the exercises assigned to each class for every hour of the day and every day in the week.

We can hardly bring ourselves to deny our readers the pleasure of reading the whole in the original. But our space is too limited for many such words as *foer-noedenheter* and *ifragaavvarande*, *haar-afshoflingskan* and *gratulerandeinringning*, *lokalundskarteller*, *fabrikverksaetning*, *och*, and i. ("Spelling Bees,"—matches where hard words are given to the competitors to spell—are all the rage now, we see; surely they ought to be popular in Finland!) As it is, we must beg our friends to be content with a translation of a few extracts, which will be forthcoming as soon as we can stumble through the long words.

The object we had in view in starting this Department of the JOURNAL, was to extend the acquaintance between fellow-workers on the two sides of the Atlantic. Very little is known here about the progress of the good work in Finland, that country being out of the way of most American travelers; and we are all the more sensible of the readiness with which our overtures have thence received so friendly a response.

### Opening of the Institution at Gerlachshelm, Baden.

The new Institution at Gerlachshelm, which we mentioned some time ago, was opened on the 4th of December, 1874.

The ceremonies on the occasion were simple but impressive; and the public interest and enthusiasm can only be compared to that we witnessed at Belleville.

Almost the entire population of the town gathered at the depot, whence a stately procession moved through the streets—the buildings being richly decorated and gay with flags—to the building appropriated to the institution. After singing by the Liederkrantz of the place, an eloquent address was made by Mr. Armbruster, who holds the position of *Oberlehrer*—something like Chief Inspector or Superintendent of Public Education—and who had accompanied the children from Meersburg. He thanked the assembly, in the name of the government, for their cordial reception, and commended the new establishment to the Divine protection.

It was intended, as we announced, to open the school in November. A slight postponement had been necessary, but had been shortened by the energetic labor of many willing hands, the last few weeks, in adapting the old *Klosterhaus* to the requirements of this new and greatly needed institution.

The internal arrangements could well bear comparison with those of any other establishment. The rooms are bright and airy, and a beautiful garden, we could almost call it a park, affords teach-

ers and pupils a pleasant place of recreation.

The school opened with 50 pupils and 5 teachers, Messrs. Stein, Wang, Glock, Tremmel and Hartman. We join with the *Organ* in the wish that the establishment so auspiciously opened may prove a place of the highest intellectual culture and moral blessing.

### New School at Berlin.

The 4th of January, at 11 A. M., was the time fixed for the opening of the new school, at No. 34, Wasserthor Strasse, Berlin. The Director appointed was Mr. Berndt. In giving this notice the *Organ* refers to an account in a previous number, which we have not seen; we are therefore unable to state the character of the new establishment.

### A Tramp's Dodge.

HE FEIGNS TO BE DEAF AND DUMB—HOW HIS TRICK WAS DISCOVERED.

In the early part of May last, a "tramp" by the name of Geo. Benton, representing himself to be deaf and dumb, (probably to create sympathy), came to this office, says the *Herkimer Democrat*, to get work for a few days. Having a recommendation from his last employer, we gave him work, it being plenty and he being a first-class workman, till the last of September. During this time he did not appear to be contented, and was consequently discharged. The next we heard of him was last Friday night. It appears that immediately after he left there, he sought Hi Henry and joined his troupe, but it was discovered, to the surprise of all who knew him here, that he was neither deaf nor dumb. Last Christmas, when Hi Henry was traveling this way, Benton persuaded him to skip Herkimer, but they gave an entertainment at Ilium and Mohawk. Last week, when he discovered that they were to give an entertainment in this village, he made up his mind to abandon them, which he did at Oneida. While with the troupe he married one of the actresses, Miss Mary Davis. Benton was a bright, intelligent young man, or he never could have kept his mouth shut for five months.

### Lack of Noise Produces Deafness.

Various are the ways in which a person may experience temporary or permanent deafness. The following paragraph taken from the *Illustrated London News*, though a paragraph from the body of a story, will quite explain itself; and shows how readily signs are resorted to in such an emergency.

The torrent of the Adyr entered with a roar of rapids, and at the lower end departed in a thunder of cascades. The natives were all so accustomed to live in this watery uproar that whenever they left their beloved village to see the inferior outer world they found themselves as deaf as posts till they came to a weir or a waterfall. And they told us that in the scorching summer of 1826 their river had failed them so that for nearly a month they could only discourse by signs; and they used to stand on the bridge and point at the shrunken rapids and stop their ears to exclude that horrible emptiness, till a violent thunderstorm broke up the drought, and the river came down roaring; and the next day all Aber-Adyr was able to gossip again as usual.

### Retribution!

A young man in Afton, Chenango County, the Binghamton *Republican* says, married a girl contrary to the wishes of her parents a few weeks ago. The next day after the ceremony the benedict lost the power of speech and was unable to utter a word for more than a week. The mother-in-law, of course, improved the opportunity thus afforded, and nearly drove him to distraction.

### Confirmation.

On Sunday night Grace church was filled almost to overflowing to hear Bishop Huntington and witness the rite of confirmation. The service was read by Rev. W. L. Parker and Rev. C. A. Wenman.

The Bishop preached from Romans 5:10, his topic being Salvation, which he dwelt upon not as merely a rescue from penalty, but that higher state of being kept from sin—a salvation begun here. It was a sermon of great value, catholic in its spirit, admirably written, and delivered in that kindly, earnest and impressive manner in which Bishop Huntington always speaks.

After the sermon ten persons were confirmed, the ceremony being, as it always is, one of great interest and solemnity, and followed by words of fatherly counsel and comfort. This diocese may count itself happy in being provided over by a man in all respects so fitted for his position as Bishop Huntington.

The Phoenix Register says: A contemptible outrage was perpetrated a few days since, at Stewart's corners, in this town, upon the property of Rev. M. F. Cutler, a Methodist clergyman living there. His barn was entered during the night by some scamp too mean to be at large, and his horse disguised by shearing. Efforts to discover the guilty person have so far been unsuccessful.

Rev. W. L. Parker has accepted the call of Grace Church to become its rector. Mr. Parker is a man of pleasing address, an earnest and eloquent speaker, and we hope he will find his new parish one in which labor shall be a delight and bring rich rewards.

Another installment of the "beautiful snow" this (Wednesday) morning.

### Minor Topics.

In Minnesota, recently, it is said, 800 locust eggs were found in a single peck of earth.

The public debt of France now amounts in round numbers to \$4,500,000,000.

There are 24,661,000 bricks in the new Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and over 50,000 barrels of mortar.

The public debt statement shows a decrease of the national debt during the past month of \$4,681,210.63. Decrease of debt since June 30, 1874, has been \$9,453,462.62.

Edgar A. Poe's memory is to be honored with a monument at last. The sum desired, \$1,500, has been raised through the efforts of the Public School Teachers' Association of Baltimore, and the work will be begun at once.

A London dispatch says that Mr. Childers in a speech on this country, gave his observations and his impressions about its future. By 1925 he thinks we will have a population of 150,000,000, and advises England to keep on friendly terms with us.

The Shaker colony at Tyringham, Mass., once a flourishing and wealthy settlement, has become so reduced and enfeebled that it has been compelled to lease its valuable farm of a thousand acres, and the small remnant will remove to Enfield, Conn.

The Bank of France owns a note which is a "perfect brick," or a least they thought so when they paid 1000 francs for it. It was taken from the ruins of a fire, and the figures of a bank note for 1000 francs had been transferred to the brick and burned in. Therefore the bank redeemed the brick as though it were the note.

During the past winter a strange and hitherto unknown species of bird has appeared in Dutchess county. It is attracting the attention of the ornithologists. The birds are between a slate and lead color, with a brilliant crimson streak across the breast, the wings also being very beautifully marked. They are about the size of a full-grown robin.

Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer has donated \$100,000 for the establishment of a home for aged and infirm persons of the Evangelical Lutheran denomination. It is intended to start the institution in the city of New York, but eventually to remove it to some desirable locality in the suburbs, probably to Astoria, Long Island.

Serious people in Scotland are appalled by the revelation that their countrymen last year spent seven million pounds for whisky for their own consumption, which is more than half the annual value of the lands and heritages outside their nine larger burghs reported at £13,516,845, and two millions more than the value contained in those burghs reported at £5,181,659.

The Augusta (Me.) Journal tells a strange story of a young man at Vassalboro, who a few days ago apparently died of consumption, with which he had long been sick. The body was prepared for burial, but as it was about to be placed in the coffin life seemed to return, and though for weeks he had not been able to articulate, he began to speak in a clear voice, telling of what he had seen in the other world, whither he seemed to have been transported after a few moments of darkness. He appeared to be in perfect health, and described his experiences in language which seemed extravagant to his hearers, who came in from all the neighborhood to listen to him, but before night he sank away again, and no signs of life appearing for several days, he was finally buried.

### The Midland to be Sold.

The Albany Journal says it is announced that the decree for the sale of the Midland railroad will be issued by Judge Blatchford next Monday. The sale, however, cannot take place until six weeks from that time. We have not learned what course the first mortgage bondholders will take to protect their interests. If the bondholders do not buy in the road themselves, it is thought that it will pass into the hands of other parties who will make it a paying line.

We are glad to learn that a number of our citizens, both old and young, have given up using tobacco. Many of them, having been in bondage for years, we congratulate them upon their releasing themselves. This is one of the many results of the recent revival.

The State Sheep Show will be held in Rochester the first week in May.

### PARISH.

The fields are white, this morning, ready for the harvest—of sugar.

Ludington & Brown have dissolved partnership. Thetworooms they formerly occupied will now be two stores. Mr. Ludington is to occupy one room and Mr. Brown the other. Dr. J. B. Todd, who has recently obtained his sheep skin from the Albany Medical College, will be associated with Mr. Ludington in the drug business and have the whole charge of the same.

The Mirror office is removed to the second story of the Ludington block. For some time past the Ludington block has been, as it were, the light house to guide the weary traveler at a distance to a desired haven of repose. It is the great light on the hill. Since the removal of the Mirror to this block the light will be intensified, and will radiate its benign influences all around. Friend Northrop has gone up higher.

Mr. G. Pitcher is running a saloon in the Petrie block.

Peter (Sylvester) St. Peter has established a shoe shop in the Harter block.

R. R. Flynn will remove to West Amboy.

Mrs. Edward Edick's health is very poor. It is feared she will not be any better.

Our village schools averaged 100 pupils the last term, 50 for each school. The Eureka Grange contains several actors, who entertain the Grange with thrilling interest. There appears to be no rivalry among them, nor any jealousy. Parish and Red Mills have to take back seats in the oratorical line, while Colosse and Grafton Square take the front. It is a matter of doubt which is ahead, but as Grafton Square has had the last say, it would probably be the best to award them the best seat, at least temporarily. As an offset against acting, Red Mills contents itself with having the meetings of the Grange, and Parish contents itself with the Grange store. So everybody is pleased. Colosse and Grafton Square have something else besides acting; they have some "tin" which they are anxious to dispose of at the Grange store.

The other day there were some billiard saloon stools put upon the steps of our supposed Grange store. Some of the jealous Anti-Grangers, who happened to see them, and looking at them intently, called them Granger milking stools. This is unwittingly an excellent compliment for Grangers; they prefer to sit upon milking stools rather than billiard saloon stools; they prefer to draw the lactical fluid rather than the dime to pay for knocking a ball. They go for ten per cent. off in playing billiards, which means entirely off, and away from such games.

The people of this place sympathize deeply with Dr. Becker in his late bereavement—the loss of his only boy.

We wish to add our testimony to others in regard to the excellent characteristics of that estimable young lady, Miss Nellie Brewster, who has recently passed to a higher, happier and heavenly life. For a while she taught our school. She was more than an ordinary scholar, and her deportment was squared by the golden rule of right.

Our people got frightened the fore part of this week about the small-pox. Mr. N. Wain (Punch), who is in business at Syracuse, came home to see his family, and not feeling very well, it was readily concluded he was coming down with the small-pox. Last Tuesday the people's minds were relieved, for on that day he returned to Syracuse. Punch is great on joking.

Parish, April 3, 1875.

### Acknowledgment.

BELLEVILLE, Kansas, March 29, 1875.  
Mrs. L. S. HOOD—My Dear Friend: Last January the destination and suffering here became so frightful that, by request of the county at large and Governor of the State, I went East to make personal appeal for relief, and have just returned and find your letter here. The goods you sent us have been received and justly distributed by Mr. Bayless Price. The needy people valued the clothing highly, and received it thankfully. Boxes were valued at \$300, and I am told the goods from Mexico, N. Y., were among the best sent. I am sure they were a great comfort to many, and doubtless saved the lives of some in the cold storms of Northern Kansas. We thank all who had a hand in this great good work, and believe they have laid up for themselves treasures in heaven and made many happy homes on earth.

Very thankfully,

REV. CALEB E. JONES.

[At the same time these goods were shipped a similar amount was sent to another missionary in Nebraska, who has not yet been heard from.]

THE SYRACUSE DAILY STANDARD—appears this week in new type throughout. We have always known it as a neat paper, and it did not wait for its old clothes to look shabby before getting new ones. The Standard is enterprising and reliable, one of the best of our exchanges, and its clear type and tasteful appearance makes it doubly acceptable to its readers. It deserves all the prosperity that attends it.

An Albany dispatch of Thursday says: Only this morning the Comptroller received a letter from Jefferson county announcing that the State tax of that county is \$50,000 in arrears, owing to the failure of Paddock & Co.'s bank, in which the money was deposited, and asking the Comptroller to grant delay.

Rev. Mr. Parker, of the Episcopal church, will exchange with Rev. Mr. Pattison, of Syracuse, next Sunday.

House cleaning days are approaching.

### WEST AMBOY.

FRIEND HUMPHRIES:—You have doubtless before this received full particulars of the disastrous fire which swept over a portion of our village on the night of March 26th, therefore I will not give you the details of the fire, but speak of the insurance on some of the property burnt.

Mr. Wm. Stieb and G. G. Houghton were the principal sufferers. Mr. Stieb was insured as follows: On store building, \$600; on stock of goods, \$800; on household goods, \$400; on barn, \$75. Mr. Houghton had on his building, \$500; on household goods, \$300. Both of these parties were insured by Morse & Irish of the Mexico agency, and the policies were all in the *Ætna* of Hartford.

On the morning of the 27th, by some means, Morse and Irish heard that there had been a fire at this place. The General Agent of the *Ætna*, Mr. Stowell, had left Mexico that morning, intending to take the train at Union Square to return home to Rochester. As soon as Morse and Irish heard of the fire, they immediately telegraphed to Mr. Stowell at Union Square, to stop off the train at Parish, and they would meet him there. For some reason there was no answer to their telegram, and Morse and Irish fearing Mr. Stowell would not receive the same, got up their horse, and although they had less than a half hour to reach Union Square before train time, arrived there in season, and they in company with Mr. Stowell reached this place about 1 o'clock p. m. They looked over the burned district here, and said to Messrs. Stieb and Houghton, "Make up a statement of your losses, and come to Mexico on the 30th and we will examine the same." On the 30th Messrs. Stieb and Houghton went to Mexico as requested. There they met Morse & Irish and Mr. Stowell and presented them with a statement of their losses, and at 1 o'clock p. m. the matters were all settled, the money paid to the full amount of the policies, and Messrs. Stieb and Houghton ready to return home.

Now, Mr. Editor, we think *honor* and *credit* should be given where due, and we think Morse & Irish are entitled to the thanks, not only of Messrs. Stieb and Houghton, but of this entire community, for their promptness and fair dealing. To us who have not yet been so unfortunate as to meet with losses, and who are insured with Morse & Irish, it is ample proof that, if we should suffer, we will be promptly and fairly dealt with.

As for Mr. Stowell, we think him a gentleman in every sense of the word, and just the man to represent the good and staunch old *Ætna* Company. No hesitation nor vexatious delays on his part. He says: "Gentlemen, if you have sustained losses, and we have insured you, present your claim and we will pay you at once." And now we would say to all that wish to insure: Go to the Mexico Agency and insure with Morse & Irish, and you may be assured you will be fairly dealt with; and get all the policies you can in the *Ætna* of Hartford. Respectfully yours,

F. H. BERRY.

West Amboy, April 1, 1875.

### CENTRAL SQUARE.

MR. HUMPHRIES:—The regular Quarterly Meeting for this Charge took place at the M. E. Church, Sabbath, March 28. A well attended and interesting Love Feast was followed by an excellent sermon by P. E. Barker, and the partaking of the Lord's Supper. The quarterly report indicated a prosperous condition financially and an addition of twenty-two members during the last quarter. Four members have been removed by death—Mrs. Merolant, Mrs. Thos. West, Mrs. Murphy, and Mrs. Rebecca Ford, all of whom had nearly reached or passed the allotted



The Central New York Institution.

ITS OPENING—PROGRESS AND PRESENT CONDITION.

From a Special Correspondent.

Rome, N. Y., April 1st, 1875.

Immediately following the second and last public meeting held in this city, on the fifteenth of January, for the furtherance of this enterprise, came the organization of the corporation hereafter to be known as the CENTRAL NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES. A board of trustees was elected with appropriate officers and committees, and the work of securing and fitting up an appropriate building at once commenced.

The severe weather of the past few months acted as a drawback to what would otherwise have been a rapid completion, but on the twentieth of March, all immediate necessities were reported provided for, and on the twenty-second the school opened with four pupils in attendance, fourteen under engagement to come as soon as the roads would admit, and sixteen heard from, but not yet provided for. These, with one or two exceptions, are all what one would call "new pupils," that is children who have never been under instruction.

The building has been fitted up in a manner that speaks well for its future policy. The parlor is spacious and tastefully, one might almost say, elegantly furnished, and paintings and engravings are arranged with special care to act in harmony with the colors of carpet, sofa and chair. The principal's office is complete in all its appointments; it is convenient of access to those having business with the chief executive head, and communicates with the principal's private apartments. The school-room and dining-room adjoin, and the latter is so arranged that the pupils and officers can very conveniently take their meals together, at different tables. The food furnished is wholesome, chosen with due regard to the season and physical needs of the inmates; there is enough of it and the table of the officers and that of the pupils differ in no particular.

The rooms which the pupils occupy are on the second floor and are neatly furnished with everything necessary, the arrangement of the building necessitating the occupancy by two or more according to the size of the room. The matron's apartments are on this floor and are very convenient for the performance of her duties pertaining to this part of the house. The building is heated by furnace and well ventilated and an admirable and healthy temperature can be maintained.

During the week one new pupil has arrived making the attendance at this date five, three girls and two boys. Others may arrive at any time. The youngest is a boy of ten, next comes a girl of eleven, then a boy of fifteen and following two girls of sixteen and seventeen. These three latter, it must be conceded are rather old to commence their education, since the State makes abundant provision for all from the early age of six years; but these live many miles from New York, and until recently their parents were unaware even of the existence of the institution there. Nor, when they had been informed, did they propose to send their children such a distance from home, and had this school not been started, they would never have known what education was, but have grown up and joined the already by means small class of uneducated adult deaf. The obvious remedy for such cases is not to drag the child to education, but to draw education to him. And it is none the less gratifying than surprising how these unfortunate adapt themselves to this new circumstance in their lives. They do not get home-sick and steal away when no one is looking, or, this impossible, do not mope and fret and cry, but approach their books with something of awe at first, perhaps, but with an instinct that they will find much good between the pages. They already know the names of a lot of objects, they can spell a simple sentence and can write it too. They know the signs for countless things and can understand and be understood by gesture language that covers a much wider range than they can command by language. Seated at their table with book and slate and pencil, it is wonderful the amount of attention they voluntarily give. They will laugh over a joke they cannot understand, because they see their teachers are merry over it, and their faces will show the gloom they feel at something they detect of sadness in the countenances of the officers. Any one of them will come into the parlor, the dining room or what-not and tell you, "That is a chair," "That is a table," "That is a book," &c., and if you cannot read their manual alphabet, they will take their slate and write it out for you.

Mr. Johnson, the principal, is conversant with all the systems now in vogue for the education of the deaf, and he can lay the foundation of a sound education in the mind of the new pupil—a delicate but thorough requirement of workmanship, by the way—as readily as he can take an advanced pupil through a selected course. There is much in knowing one's business in all its branches. Mr. Johnson takes for his guides such men as Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Dr. Harvey P. Peet, with such modifications and additions as the present times suggest and require.

The officers of the institution are Mr. Alphonso Johnson, Principal; Mrs. Amorette Smith, Matron; Mrs. C. P. Johnson, Housekeeper, with such domestic help as is necessary. One of the girls has proved to be very expert in house-work, and her knowledge will be of much help to the institution; and she is always happy to assist whenever asked. Between now and the end of the term in June there will be an attendance of between ten and twenty and quite likely the number may be even more, but it is not thought that it will be necessary to add to the present corps. The accommodating power of the present building is thirty, and the fall term will probably open with something more than this at

tendance and another building. The educational corps will then be considerably increased.

The institution is peculiarly fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Smith, is matron. She is a lady in every way qualified for the place, and with a knowledge of and interest in the deaf, which is already manifesting itself in various happy ways.

We must on no account close this article without a word concerning the gentlemen of the Board of Trustees. Too much cannot be said of them. The reader who has kept track of the efforts to establish this institution from their initiation in August last to the gratifying fact of the opening on the 22d of March, must by this time be well acquainted with their names. A body of more generous, whole-souled, intelligent and capable gentlemen it would not be easy to find any where. Realizing the existing necessity of the institution, and in full sympathy with its object, men who never go half way in any enterprise, they will never allow the institution to fail so long as they have the power to prevent—and if it should fail it will be owing to causes entirely beyond their control.

C. S. M.

Indiana Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Idiography is one of the "Lost Arts" with us. About a month ago the "spelling match fever" broke out in the city and around. The tidal wave struck us, and not willing to be outdone by our hearing orthographers, we organized a spelling match from the members of our own school. In spite of the "Lost Art," we had all the requisite arrangements made for it in a day or two. It was to come off in the chapel on a certain evening before the Legislature should adjourn sine die, and it was decided to use Marcus Wilson's large and small spellers. But for various reasons the Legislature failed to appoint the time for coming, and consequently there has not been one yet, and now that body has adjourned sine die. I do not suppose it would have been a very glorious success, as there is no distinction in the signs for a number of synonymous words, such as nag and horse, pony, colt, zebra, &c., or hag and ugly woman and witch. A distinction is possible, but an explanation would be too much, and it would not be fair to give only the words that had previously been assigned for the contest. On experimenting with a class of tolerably good deaf-mute orthographers, and by far better orthographers than linguists, it was found, as expected, to be a lamentable failure. A number of pages of the most common nouns and other parts of speech, had been selected and assigned for the purpose, but yet when they were called up to meet the words, it proved extremely brief. Even, the best spellers proved to be among the poorest ones and all disappeared like the dew drops before the morning sun, and after a few of the most common synonymous words were given, no one was left to keep up the battle. When "nag" was given, it proved too much for them and a number fell after spelling either horse, or pony, or zebra, or colt.

It was renewed several times and at every time when all were down a ravenous cry was raised by all for another trial. In one of the trials, the word "lop" shot by a number who spelled either out, or clip, or shears, or scissors and a number of other words having signs for either nouns or verbs. On another trial "hag" was given and all fell with a number of wrong words, such as ugly woman, witch, old woman and a number of other words, with all such adjectives as apply to characterize the qualities and accomplishments of a woman. All were out down so unexpectedly by the little word "cut" that they raised a cry to impeach their teacher for this undue delivery of signs for the words. But when another trial was begun, the result was not less disastrous. Will some one become a "J. R. Burnet," and suggest a better method for us in these spelling matches? We miss J. R. Burnet's help at this crisis. We regret that his life was not spared a year more.

The Indiana Institution has graduated about one thousand mutes, a large number of whom are farmers and the wives of mute farmers. I think it would interest the readers to give the names and occupations of some of Indiana's mutes. Messrs. J. T. Compton, N. Leap, B. Nordyke, J. J. Cross, E. W. Brown, M. A. Martindale, A. French, J. Shepherd, and others of Northern Indiana are first class tillers of the soil. There is a number of mute farmers living in Indiana from other states, among whom are Messrs. J. Davis, G. E. and C. Bronson, and J. Surber.

Mr. J. T. Compton has a farm of 160 or more acres and the annual average of crops is about 600 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of corn and 1,000 of potatoes, 500, or more heads of cabbage.

R. E. PORTER.

Indianapolis, April 1, 1875.

The Institutions.

MICHIGAN.

They have been investigated in Michigan, upon what charges we have not yet been informed, but presume they must have been trifling, for we notice in a dispatch to the Chicago Tribune that the joint committee of the Senate and House after a thorough investigation, report nothing sustained. They however advise a separation of the educational and domestic departments of the institution, the work of both being considered too much for one man. If this means the appointment of a "Superintendent and Resident Physician," we think it is too bad.

WISCONSIN.

A special dispatch to the St. Paul Press states that the investigation into the affairs of this institution, recently ordered by the Governor of the State has resulted in the discovery that "the charges are

without foundation in most every respect except some local jealousies."

ILLINOIS.

The Chicago Tribune gives the Senate debate when the appropriation for this institution came up. The amount was \$75,000 a year for current expenses.

One man objected on the score that the sum was purposely made large so as to leave a margin for "luxuries for the officials." He thought \$54,000 ample. Another man said it had been cut from \$99,000, the original estimate, and he considered it still too much. He expressed his belief that there had been steals in the institution. A couple of Senators on the other side argued that the sum had been cut and re-cut enough; \$134 per capita had been taken off and he thought it well to stay at that. Both sides then exhausted all their rhetoric, logic and caustic for and against further retrenchment, but only succeeded in ordering the bill, without amendment, to a third reading. We hope it won't fail on its final passage.

GEORGIA.

From the Cave Spring Enterprise, we learn that a joint committee of the two houses of the Legislature visited and inspected the institution about a month ago. The party arrived at the institution in the evening and, after a good night's rest and a hearty breakfast, proceeded to look around. They first visited the shoe-shop, a fine, large two-story brick building, presided over by Mr. Henry S. Morris, a very intelligent deaf-mute, who has charge of the shop. Here we saw numbers of boys and young men, ranging in ages from eight to twenty years, all engaged in making and repairing shoes. Mr. Morris exhibited specimens of ladies' shoes, which cost three dollars and fifty cents, which are equal in point of finish, and far superior in quality, to those brought out from the North. Shoe-making has been taught almost from the foundation of the institution, but it is not suited to persons of enfeebled constitutions; therefore when the shop building was projected, it was decided to build it of sufficient capacity to allow the introduction of a variety of trades as soon as the number of pupils should warrant it. The last Legislature gave five hundred dollars for the purpose of furnishing facilities to the pupils for learning the art of printing. The money has been expended and this branch of mechanical department is now in operation. It is expected that good results will follow the introduction of this branch, for, besides giving the pupils a good trade, it helps to educate them. The pupils now have the privilege of either or both of the new trades, shoemaking and printing.

Overhead and in the same building is a printing office, where is published the Cave Spring Enterprise, a nice, newsy sheet, edited by Judge King, and the work is done by the mutes. They learn very rapidly and make good printers. An occasional entertainment is provided for the pupils, which partakes of the nature of a social, in which all the boys and girls are permitted to join. These parties they look forward to with as much interest and anxiety as any other class of young people would, and the most effective punishment, the Principal says, he has discovered to inflict upon them for any rudeness is not to permit such offenders to attend the next ensuing party. He never has to resort to this but one time in a case. These people are very susceptible of the tender passion and Cupid's darts have played the wild with the mutes as successfully as they have with the talking world. Each little fellow has his dulcinea, while the larger ones are ogling their "hearts, true love" on all convenient occasions. The advantage they possess in this line over other people is that they can talk, court and carry on a flirtation with each other two or three hundred yards apart, or as much farther as the eye can reach. Thus, if the old gentleman should frame an objection to the young Adonis, and ineffectually show him to the front door and order him to step down and out, he can quietly go to the next corner and pour out his heart's affection and devotion, from the ends of his fingers, to the fair Venus who sits at an upper window, and no one else be the wiser for this species of telegraphing.

The girls, after school hours, are employed about the house in sewing, mending the boys' clothing, or helping to prepare the tables for meal time. The smaller ones run about the beautiful lawn, play base, "hop-scotch," or any thing else their minds may suggest. None of the inmates are forced to work. But arguments are used peculiar to them, which induces them to exert themselves to become proficient in some kind of business. This applies more specially to the boys. As soon as they get out into the world they are restless, and are constantly changing their situations. They have a very imperfect idea of economy also, and as a sample, the steward related how a boy who had been out wading in the creek and mud, and came in with his pants terribly soiled. To get the mud off, he pulled the pantaloons off, and, taking them by the top, began thrashing them against the white wall, and when discovered had completely defaced one entire side and a portion of the overhead, the pantaloons worn to fragments, and the boy venting his anger in his peculiar utterances.

Prof. Connor exhibited designs for the extension and in a few pertinent remarks convinced the committee of the necessity of adding hospital accommodation and offices for Steward and a Library room. Also, that in the present crowded condition of the institution there were too many sleeping in each room, and that more rooms were needed. There has been no appropriations to this institution since 1856, and thinks it time some were made. There is no place for records, which are now scattered around at several houses. He thought there were at least 150 deaf-mutes yet in the State not at school, and the institution should have at least 125.

The committee agreed to report the

\$20,000 clause, or so much thereof, as may be necessary to complete the improvements asked for. Also they agreed to report that the institution was in a good condition and everything satisfactory.

MINNESOTA.

A legislative committee visited this institution recently. Quite a delegation started from St. Paul, but being afraid of getting snowed in, several left the party and returned. Such, however, as kept on had a good time and saw a great deal of interest. The shops were first inspected, and everything was found satisfactory. The wings received a thorough inspection, and there was nothing found to condemn. The arrangements for the supply of water were particularly commended. It comes from a living spring which never fails, and has not frozen during the winter. The dormitories are already getting crowded, and have to do for a good deal more than the originally contemplated capacity. An appropriation has been asked to finish the main building, which even if granted immediately, will hardly finish the work before three years and meantime some inconvenience must be borne.

The classes were successively visited in their school rooms, and a brief examination made. Afterwards an exhibition was held in the chapel and the more advanced pupils handled the crayon to good effect, delighting the visitors much. The articulation class under Mr. P. W. Downing gave exhibitions of their proficiency and a humorous dialogue took place between a boy and two girls. One young lad with a good voice delivered an address of welcome, which was easily understood. The Lord's Prayer repeated in concert by the pupils, led by a graceful young lady, closed the exercises. The blind department was inspected and the pupils were examined, after which the committee left for the Capital, very much in favor of granting the appropriation asked.

News of the Week.

The Delaware and Susquehanna ice gorges broke up Thursday and passed down the rivers without much damage to property.

Additional outrages by the striking miners in Pennsylvania, are reported, but there is no indication that military force will be required to enforce order.

Governor Tilden has signed the canal commission bill empowering an investigation.

\$2,881,960 worth of double eagles, \$30,200 of trade dollars, \$313,500 of half dollars, \$81,650 of quarter dollars, \$343,020 of dimes were coined in March.

The Carlist General Sabais is likely to give in his adhesion to King Alfonso.

The Spanish government has repeatedly asked Germany to order bombardment of Zarauz.

Professor Piner, of Madrid University, has been transported for petitioning the king against the reactionary educational decrees.

Some 244 officers have deserted the Carlist cause since the issue of General Cabrera's manifesto.

A monument to the memory of the late Emperor Maximilian was unveiled at Trieste Saturday.

The Government of Santo Domingo will demand \$5,000,000 damages from the United States for its armed intervention in support of President Baez.

Despatches from Havana to the Navy Department report that the yellow fever is very severe on two of the Spanish iron-clads lying in the harbor of that city.

The full returns from the Connecticut election give the democratic candidate for Governor a majority over the republican candidate of 9,582, and a plurality over all of 6,856. This is in a total vote of 100,715, which is the largest vote ever polled in that State. Three out of the four Congressmen elected are democrats. The State Senate will stand 15 democrats to 6 republicans, a gain of two for the latter.

COLOSSE.

Was it always so? It is so now. Will it always be so? Is there no cure for our likes and dislikes—our prejudices? Neutrality seems almost an impossibility; and it is nearly as impossible for us to speak well of, or show kindness to those against whom we are prejudiced. If, on the contrary, one is our fast friend, nothing is too good for him, and too much cannot be said in his praise. Are there no exceptions to this? Yes, verily. The foregoing statements are the extremes—pure radicalism. It crops out in nearly all the affairs in life with radical minds. There are middle grounds between the two extremes. He is happy who can find something good and noble and kind in the midst of many faults. He is truly noble who can blunt the point of prejudice, withhold the arrow, and break the twang of his tainted mind. It seems nearly impossible that prejudices should not come, but they may be held in abeyance and largely overcome by self-examination and proper comparison of faults of corresponding magnitude. The Scotch distich:

"O wad some power th' giftie gi' us  
To see ourselves as others see us,"

if offered as a fervent prayer, would do very much in removing that naughty faculty—prejudice, and it shall find no easy-chair in the parlor of the mind. Here lies the difficulty. Prejudice is a pet in the intellectual household, and gets all the caresses, tit-bits and sweet meats rightfully belonging to more worthy faculties. Let true charity once be inaugurated governor over the moral and intellectual domain, and prejudice shall find no field or garden in which to strike its roots. Its bitter roots shall wither and die, and its more comely parts shall bear a better name. Who will ply the knife and cut off the wild branches, and graft in the better field who will sow the seeds of fairer flowers!

in the little growing gardens in our domestic homes? Does not selfishness lie underneath and fasten the roots of thorny prejudice? And who is doing a nobler work than those who gently remove this fostering principle, and as gently implants the olive branch of peace, friendship and love? O man, O woman of great likes and dislikes, study well thyself. Thou mayest yet be wise. Get thy lesson well.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, April 1, 1875.

Father Reese was taken with a shock of paralysis last Saturday. To-day he seems a little better, but is in a very critical condition, having no use of his right side.

Mrs. Beaupre is very sick, though we think improving a little. Yesterday she seemed worse, but is better to-day.

Mr. George LeClair is also very sick. Mr. Julius Jaquin—poor fellow—is in a bad condition. If he seems better day, to-morrow he is worse.

Mr. Snell has actually sold his hotel to Mr. Seymour Worden, who is to take possession next Wednesday. Mr. Snell goes to Parish.

A general time of colds prevails here. Many are next door to sick.

E. D. PHILLIPS.

Colosse, April 2, 1875.

A Letter from Rev. A. Parko Burgess.

Mr. HUMPHRIES:—Brother Weed is on one extreme where winter is a complete fizzle, and brother Walker is on the other extreme where the thing is extravagantly overdone. The undersigned has found the "golden mean," and can tell of even sleighing, snow from 8 to 12 inches deep during nearly the whole winter. And though the winter here has been unusually rugged, the thermometer has but in one or two instances touched 24 degrees below, and then only for a brief period.

The people speak of the winter as having been a long one, and yet it has not been one of such protracted discomfort as we have experienced on the shore of Cape Cod bay, or under the dynasty of snow storms that used to reign from December to April in old Prattville.

There has been a marked increase of sickness and deaths in this whole region during the last few months. From April 1873 to April 1874, not a single death occurred in our church; but during the last year some seven or eight have died, and all were elderly persons.

Every body has been growling and barking with colds—the "distemper"—epizootic. It has really become quite monotonous and irksome to ask the profound question, "How are you?" for the answer has come to be insipidly uniform. We have learned one thing about medical practice here. We are just in the edge of a malarial region having its center in the Montezuma Marshes; and there is as light tendency to ague and fever. So the universal prescription is quinine. It almost seems as though the doctors need to carry nothing else. At all events, in most cases their "saddle-bags" would be illly supplied without this. People have no aversion to taking it. Indeed, they seem rather to like it. I have been through a vigorous course of it within the last two weeks and can testify to a better liver and a cleaner head, as the result.

I must rejoice with those that do rejoice, though I cannot "mourn with those that mourn," in Mexico, over the no-livence victory achieved in your recent election. Now let the men who sell without licence "smell powder" till they quit. We lost the election here though many labored with a will; and I felt proud, after a godly sort, of the Presbyterian Church in Newark, several of whose very first men in wealth, standing and intelligence worked for the temperance ticket at the polls from opening to closing, some not even stopping for dinner.

I must tell you, in conclusion, that our building committee have raised by subscription, over \$10,000 within the last four weeks toward enlargement and repairs on our house of worship. If prospered, we shall re-dedicate next autumn, it being the fiftieth anniversary of the church.

Yours fraternally,

A. PARKO BURGESS.

Newark March 29th, 1875.

Religion and Debts.

"Some observer who has noticed the effect of great religious awakenings might do the good cause a service by publishing the number of old debts that are paid after each revival. There are scoffers who affect to believe that if an amount has been over due a very long time, no religion in the world will make the debtor hunt up and pay the man he owes."

This observer has often observed that men brought under the power of the Christian religion have hastened to pay their honest debts; many have restored money they had stolen; some have even paid their indebtedness to newspapers. But there is much spurious religion in the world; just as there is more counterfeit money afloat in flush times, but we are quite willing to accept the test proposed, and to admit that any religion (not in a revival or at any other time) that does not make a man honest toward his neighbor, is not worth a cent. Apply the rule, allow and hold everybody to the test.—N. Y. Observer.

—A new method of obtaining a chew of tobacco has made its appearance. A young man enters an establishment, inquires for a sample of the best tobacco, coolly takes a chew, and, seeing a friend on the street, hurries to meet him.

—The hotel occupied by Capt. Boyd, in Parish, has been purchased by L. D. Snell.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

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BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.,

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.



Country School Oratory.

"Solomon Smith, Jr., step up here."  
Smith, a stupid-looking country boy  
advanced to the platform, tripped on the  
step, stood up, and began:

When General—  
"Make your bow, sir!" interrupted  
Mr. Whipple.  
The boy stopped short, made a jerking  
inclination, and went on:

When Gen. Jackson, climbed the heights,  
[Here he raised his feet, as if climbing.  
And tore the starchy banner down,  
[Snatching at the air.]  
He caught his foot upon a stump.  
And scraped his foot from toe to crown.

During the delivery of the last lines  
he put on a most painful expression of  
countenance, and scraped his hands over  
his whole person.

"Well, done, Solomon," said Mr.  
Whipple, "go on with the next verse."  
"That ain't no next verse, sir; the  
moral comes next."

"Well then, give us the moral, sir."

As we rush upward on our way,  
Quick hastening o'er the sod,  
[Running from one side of the plat-  
form to the other.]

Some little trouble stops our way,  
And down we fall, by G—d!

"Solomon," said Whipple, as soon as  
he had recovered his breath, "did you  
write that?"

"No, sir," whispered the boy, Sam  
Jones wrote it for me. I gave him two  
apples for it."

"That," exclaimed Mr. Whipple. "I  
thought Sam Jones did it; he's at the  
bottom of every piece of mischief in the  
county; wait till I catch him."—*Schenectady (N. Y.) Star.*

—After leaving a Milwaukee street  
car, a citizen ran and overtook it again,  
and entering looked around on the floor  
and asked: "Did any one see a letter in  
a mourning envelope?" All answered  
"No," and he continued: "Well, it's no  
great loss, though I'd like to be sure  
whether it said my brother William or  
my Uncle James was dead?"

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make you money and make your home and family  
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see perfectly at any  
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CHARCOAL (per bushel), ..... 2.20  
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Chilblains, Sprains, Cuts, Bruises,  
Bites or Stings of Insects, Sore-  
ness or Pains in the Limbs,  
Feet and Joints, Pleurisy or  
Pains in the Side, or Pains  
of any Kind.

**HOLBROOK'S Family LINIMENT**  
Should be used internally for Coughs, Colds,  
Bronchitis, Croup, Diphtheria, Colic, Cramps,  
Asthma, Influenza, Soreness of Chest or Lungs,  
Sore Throat, Quinzy, Fluency or Pains in the  
Side, &c., &c.

**Holbrook's Family Liniment**  
Should be used externally for Rheumatism,  
Sprains, Burns or Scalds, Bruises, Bites or  
Stings of Insects, Chilblains, Cuts, Pains in  
the Limbs, Feet and Joints, Neuralgia, Tooth-  
ache, &c., &c.

**Holbrook's Family Liniment.**  
Excels all other Remedies in the Cure of the  
following Diseases in Horses and Cattle: Cuts,  
Bruises, Collar Boils, Galls of all kinds, Spav-  
ins, both blood and bone, Sprains, Lameness,  
Caked Udder, Inflammation, and healing of  
Sores and Wounds from any cause.

**Holbrook's Family Liniment**

Is a positive Specific and relieves local Pain  
more promptly than any other Medicine in use.  
Testimonials are being constantly received which  
show its powers in this respect beyond a doubt.  
Every Family should have a bottle of Hol-  
brook's Family Liniment at hand, in case of  
sickness or accident.

Call on your Druggist and get a bottle of  
Holbrook's Family Liniment.

**GIVE IT A TRIAL.**

Prepared by S. K. HOLBROOK, No. 20  
North Water Street, Ogdensburg, to whom all  
orders should be addressed.

Druggists can be supplied by **JOHN  
C. TAYLOR, Mexico, N. Y.** 14-1y

**CALDWELL'S**

**WINE and IRON Bitters**

FOR THE CURE OF

**Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Kidney**

**Diseases,**

**LIVER COMPLAINT,**

**NERVOUS AFFECTIONS,**

**GENERAL PROSTRATION.**

**As a Morning Appetizer,**

**THEY HAVE NO RIVAL.**

It absolutely purifies the blood. It spee-  
dily corrects all morbid changes in the blood. It per-  
fects digestion, rendering it natural and easy.  
It banishes those close upon pleasure which  
produce gloom. It improves the appetite, and  
removes all disagreeable feeling after eating.

**PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.**

**CALDWELL'S COUGH CURE**

For Coughs, Colds, Croup, &c.

**Caldwell's Magnetic Chloroid,**

An internal and external remedy.

**CALDWELL'S**

**Lily Balm,**

FOR BEAUTIFYING THE

**COMPLEXION!**

REMOVING

**Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn,**

**Roughness, Tan, &c.**

The Lily Balm will speedily remove the blem-  
ish, and impart softness, transparency, a rosy  
tinge and a pearl like lustre to the complexion.  
It contains no poison. It is the best and cheap-  
est Toilet article ever offered to the public. Full  
directions on the label of each bottle. Price, 50  
cents per bottle.

**W. C. CALDWELL,**

Proprietor and Manufacturer, Medina, N. Y.

For sale by

**JOHN C. TAYLOR,**

Dealer in Drugs, Paints, &c. Dye Stuffs, &c.  
46-1y Main Street Me N. Y.

**Ayer's**

**Hair Vigor,**

For restoring to Gray Hair its

**natural Vitality and Color.**

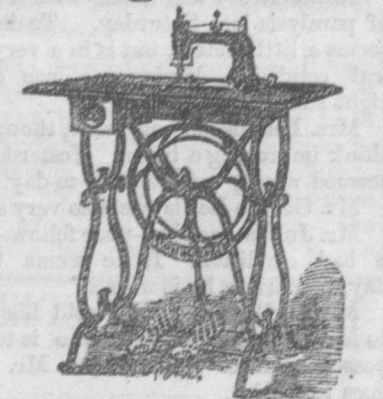


A dressing  
which is at  
once agreeable,  
healthy, and  
effective for  
preserving the  
hair. It soon  
restores faded  
or gray hair to  
its original  
color, with the  
freshness of youth. Thin  
hair is thickened, falling hair checked,  
and baldness often, though not always,  
cured by its use. Nothing can restore  
the hair where the follicles are de-  
stroyed, or the glands atrophied and  
decayed; but such as remain can be  
saved by this application, and stimu-  
lated into activity, so that a new  
growth of hair is produced. Instead  
of fouling the hair with a pasty sed-  
iment, it will keep it clean and vigorous.  
Its occasional use will prevent the hair  
from turning gray or falling off, and  
consequently prevent baldness. The  
restoration of vitality it gives to the  
scalp arrests and prevents the forma-  
tion of dandruff, which is often so un-  
pleasant and offensive. Free from those  
deleterious "substances which make  
some preparations dangerous and inju-  
rious to the hair, the Vigor can only  
benefit but not harm it. If wanted  
merely for a HAIR DRESSING,  
nothing else can be found so desirable.  
Containing neither oil nor dye, it does  
not soil white cambric, and yet lasts  
long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy  
lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by **Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,**  
Practical and Analytical Chemists,  
**LOWELL, MASS.**

**A New Idea!**

**WILSON**  
**SHUTTLE**  
**Sewing Machine**



FOR

**50 Dollars!**

**FARMERS,**

**MERCHANTS,**

**MECHANICS,**

AND

**EVERYBODY**

Buy the World-Renowned

**WILSON**

Shuttle Sewing Machine!

THE

**BEST IN THE WORLD!**

The Highest Premium was

awarded to it at

**VIENNA;**

Ohio State Fair;

Northern Ohio Fair;

Amer. Institute, N. Y.;

Cincinnati Exposition;

Indianapolis Exposition;

St. Louis Fair;

Louisiana State Fair;

Mississippi State Fair;

and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

**BEST SEWING MACHINES,**

and doing the largest and best

range of work. All other

Machines in the Market

were in direct

**COMPETITION!!**

For Hemming, Fell-

ing, Stitching, Cording,

Binding, Braiding,

Embroidering, Quil-

ing and Stitching fine

or heavy goods it is

**unsurpassed.**

Where we have no Agents

we will deliver a Machine

for the price named above,

at the nearest Rail Road

Station of Purchasers.

**Needles for all Sewing Ma-**

**chines for Sale.**

Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price

List, &c., and Copy of the

Wilson Reflector, one of the

best Periodicals of the day,

devoted to Sewing Ma-

chines, Fashions, General

News and Miscellany.

**Agents Wanted**

**ADDRESS,**

**Wilson Sewing Machine Co.**

**CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

**E. M. ANDREWS,**

General Agent for Oswego County,

163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y.

**GREAT OFFER.**

**MUMBER FOUR.**

**FATED TO BE FREE.** Jean Ingelow's great

Story, price in book form, \$1.75.

**TWENTY SHORT STORIES,** a rich variety

of miscellaneous reading; over sixty large

pages splendidly illustrated.

**TEN STEEL REPRODUCTIONS,** fac-similes

of famous pictures; original engravings

worth \$10.00.

All the above sent post-paid with **HEARTH AND**

**HOMES,** the great illustrated weekly magazine,

two months on trial, for only 50 CENTS. Ob-

ject: to introduce the paper to new subscri-

**MORTGAGE SALE.**—Default has been made  
in the payment of the sum \$1,035, which is  
claimed to be due at the date of this notice on  
two certain mortgages, one said mortgage, dated  
May 11th, 1872, executed by Miner J. Scriber  
and Luzetta, his wife, of the town of Parish,  
county of Oswego and State of New York, of  
Cyrus Whitney and Timothy W. Skinner, of  
Mexico, in said county, and recorded in the office  
of the Clerk of Oswego county, in book No. 94  
of mortgages, at page 472, on the 13th day of  
May, 1872, at 9 o'clock a. m. The amount  
claimed to be due on the above described mort-  
gage, at the date of this notice is \$649, and to  
become due the further sum of \$386, and inter-  
est from the date of this notice; which said mort-  
gage has been duly assigned to Luke D. Smith,  
who now owns the same. The other certain  
mortgage is dated the 29th day of December,  
1873, executed by Miner J. Scriber and Luzetta  
his wife, of the town of Parish, county of Os-  
wego, N. Y., to Luke D. Smith, of Mexico, in  
said county, and recorded in the office of the  
Clerk of Oswego county, in book No. 100, of  
mortgages, at page 376, on the 31st day of De-  
cember, 1873, at 5 o'clock p. m. That there is  
claimed to be due at the date of this notice on  
the last above described mortgage the sum of  
\$386, and to become due the further sum of \$670,  
with interest from the date of this notice.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that in  
pursuance of a power of sale contained in each  
of said mortgages, and recorded as aforesaid, and  
of the statute in such case made and provided,  
said two mortgages and each of them will be  
foreclosed by a sale of the land and premises de-  
scribed in and covered by said mortgages, and  
each of them at public auction, at the law office  
of L. D. Smith, in the village of Mexico, in said  
county, on the 31st day of April, 1875, at 10 o'clock  
in the forenoon. The land and premises are  
described in said mortgages in substance as  
follows, and is the same in both of said mort-  
gages:

All that tract or parcel of land situate in the  
town of Parish, county of Oswego, N. Y., known  
and distinguished as (40,) forty-six acres of land  
lying and being in the north-west corner of lot  
No. (16) sixteen, in the middle lots of township  
No. 23 of Scriba's patent, and bounded as fol-  
lows, to-wit: bounded on the north by land  
owned by David House, on the east by land  
owned by Michael Moore, on the west by land  
owned by Cornelius Cummings, and on the south  
by the center of the highway leading from Can-  
den to Mexico.

Also the east half of lot No. (29) twenty-nine,  
in the small lots in township No. 23 of Scriba's  
patent, containing sixty acres of land, more or  
less, and bounded and described as follows, to-  
wit: On the east by lot No. 30, on the north by  
lot No. 13, owned by George W. Ludington, in  
half of said west by the west by lot No. 29,  
owned by George W. Ludington, and on the south  
by land owned by Abram House.

Also the one undivided half, part of all that  
tract or parcel of land situate in the town of  
Parish, county of Oswego, N. Y., and  
bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by  
land owned and occupied by Catharine Darling  
on the east by land owned by George Moore,  
on the south by land owned by William Orter  
and Lydia Ann Tisdale, on the west by the west  
line of lot No. (31) thirty-one, it being the thir-  
ty-five acres of land off from the south and of  
fifty acres formerly owned by Denison Tisdale,  
now deceased, excepting, however, all the land  
above described, lying on the south-east  
side of the Fox Mill Pond, or the pond on the  
premises described, containing eighteen (18)  
acres of land, more or less, known as the saw  
mill premises formerly owned by George Fox.—  
Dated January 7th, 1875.

L. D. SMITH,

Assignee of the first above described mortgage,  
and Mortgagee in the last described mortgage.

L. D. SMITH, Atty., Mexico, N. Y.

**THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK,**

To Maria Leigh, residing in Amboy, Oswego Co., N. Y., Mary J. Carpenter and Samuel Leigh, severally re-

siding in Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., John and Julia

Grogg, George Tillapaugh, Fanny Boyd, Allen Leigh,

Henry Leigh, Catharine H. M. P. Allen, and Allen

C. Leigh, Elijah Leigh, or his heirs, and William Leigh,

or his heirs, all whose residences are unknown.

Heirs and next of kin of Ann Haynes, late of the

town of Mexico, in the County of Oswego, deceased,

and next of kin of Ann Haynes, late of the town of

Fond du Lac, in the County of Fond du Lac, and

State of Wisconsin, has lately made application to our

Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain

instrument in writing, relating to real and personal es-

tate, duly proved as the last will and testament of said

Ann Haynes, deceased, your said Surrogate of you are re-

quired to appear personally, to be and appear be-

fore our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of

Mexico, in said County of Oswego, on the 5th day

of April next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day,

then and there to attend to the probate of said instru-

ment, and to do such other acts as may be required.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the Seal of our

office of our said Surrogate's Court of the County of

Oswego to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Timothy W. Skinner, Surrogate of the said

County, at the village of Mexico, in said County, the

16th day of February, in the year one thousand eight

hundred and seventy-five.

C. C. BROWN,

Surrogate of the County of Oswego.

**AT A SURROGATE'S COURT,** held in and

for the County of Oswego, in the village of

Mexico, on the 27th day of January, 1875.

Present, **TIMOTHY W. SKINNER,** Surrogate.

In the matter of the application of Mrs. Fanny

Bright, Administratrix of the estate of Thom-

as Allard, deceased, for authority to mortgage,

lease or sell the real estate of the said deceased,

for the payment of his debts, it is ordered that

all persons interested in the estate of the said

Thomas Allard, deceased, appear before the Sur-

rogate of the County of Oswego, at his office, in

the City of Oswego, on the 1st day of April,

1875, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day,

then and there to show cause why authority

should not be given to the said Fanny Bright to

mortgage, lease or sell as may be required.

In testimony whereof, the Seal of the said

County of Oswego, in said County, the 16th day

of February, in the year one thousand eight

hundred and seventy-five.

T. W. SKINNER, Surrogate.

**THE**

**Engine Washer.**

Having used the Engine Washer, we can say

truly that it affords more help in washing day than

any other machine we have known. Its advan-

tages over every other machine is that it is

**SELF-WORKING.** A woman has only to wet

her clothes, and lay them in the boiler on the